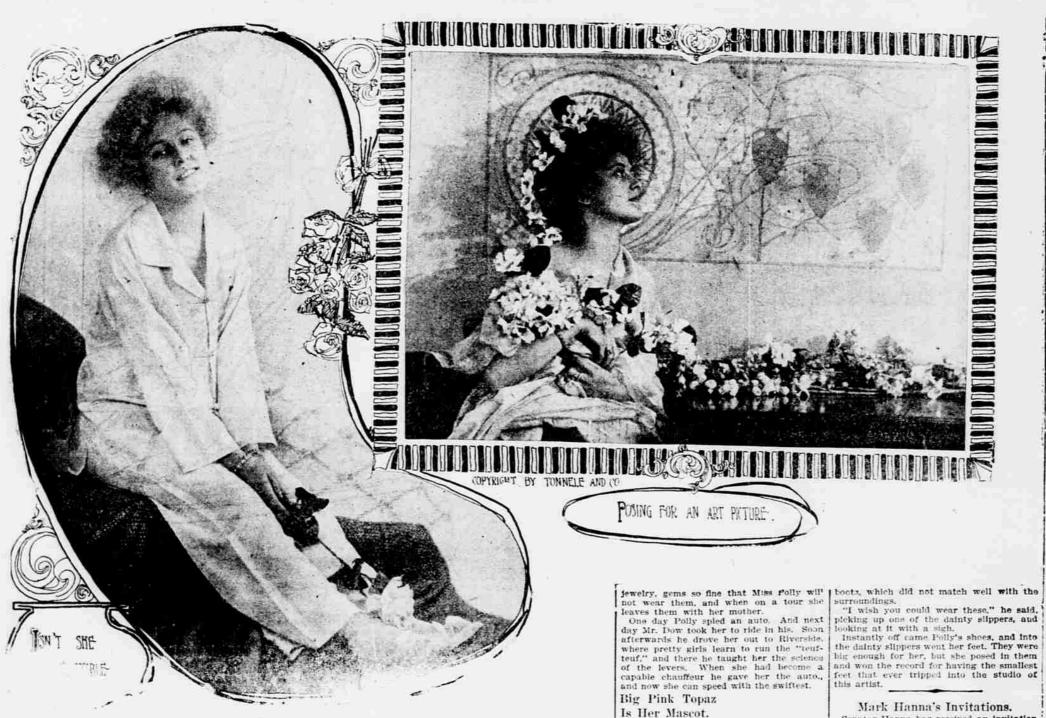
Polly is a siri of many roles. As a daughter she is exceptionally good. She is duitful, considerate, generous, kind and affec-

✓ PAULINE CHASE IS THE STAGE BEAUTY OF THE YEAR. ✓



WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. When the history of "Pretty Polly Chase" Is written, it will be a romance founded love and conventionality with plenty of prettiness thrown in.

Polly Chase is known as "The Girl in the Pink Pajamas." She is in a popular play and she wears her pajamas in the bedroom where she jumps about and throws pillows in a schoolgirl fight. Then she puddles down in fright and listens to the ghost stories, while her pretty companions shiver all around her in the domnitory.

P ly Chase began Me under another name. Her father is Dector W. T. Bliss of Washington, one of the physicians who attended President Garfield.

ala:

and finally came out in "My Lady," doing a winsome little impersonation which pleased immensely.

Dow of New York.

Her Meeting With Alexander

boasts that her daughter can play a part upon the stage or cook a dinner at home. Pauline is quick at repartee, elever in conversation, a good listener and an equally good talker. She has a marcot. It is a big plak topaz, surrounded by pearls, the gift of Mr. Dow. This she always wears.

There are pretty girls and pretty girls; and some hare one claim and some another. Pelly has the smallest and most perfect foot in the world. This dainty member once made her a Cinderella. A certain wealthy

"I wish you could wear these," he said, plcking up one of the dainty slippers, and looking at it with a sigh. Instantly off came Polly's shees, and into

Mark Hanna's Invitations. Senator Hanna has received an invitation from every Republican State Convention thus far held to be present and make an She went on the stage in small parts and finally came out in "My Lody," doing a winsome little impersonation which pleased immensely.

It was at Polly's feet. But through it all one face seemed the dearest and one man the finest; and, so Polly and her mother grew to think Mr. Dow the man of men, and Mr. Dow-well, he had made up his mind long ago. Her Meeting With Alexander

Dow of New York.

Every pretty girl has her romance, and it was then and there that the romance of Polly began.

In the audience was a New York business man, Alexander Dow. He saw her and thought her a dream of golden har, blue eyes, sweet notes and symmetry. Love and thought her a dream of golden har, blue eyes, sweet notes and symmetry. Love and thought her a dream of golden har, blue eyes, sweet notes and symmetry. Love and mong her friends, presented by a mitual acquaintance.

The man and the gold isstener and an equally good talker. She has a mascet. It is a blig plink topiz, surrounded by pearls, the gift whisk out of the size door, accompanied by a talk was rung down the waiting crowd had the poor satisfaction of secting a pretty girls and pretty girls and pretty girls and pretty girls and some have one claim and some another. Polly has the smallest and most perfect too the world. This dainty member once made her a Cinderella, A certain wealthy backelor owned a pair of tiny shoes, which he had bought somewhere as a matter of curlo. One day Miss Polly was in his studio posting for him, for he is an artist of no posting for him, for he is an artist of no posting for him, for he is an artist of no posting for him, for he is an artist of no posting for him, for he is an artist of no post of the appearance have become so frequent that his secretary is kept than place to talk was reconded by paris, the gift has her romance. At the subject of Mr. Dow. This she always wears.

There are pretty girls and pretty girls, and prett the applications for his appearance have be-

FREAKS IN SHOW FOLKS "ADS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

It is safe to say that no class of trade papers is more unintelligible to the layman than those devoted to the interests of the theatrical profession. Nevertheless the lat-ter, unlike other trade papers, are well calculated to amuse and entertain, notwithstanding the contents may be "cavlare to

the general." The reading matter may be dull, the editorials trivial and strange, the published routes of traveling companies formidable— all wearisome and meaningless; but turn over to the advertisements! There the patient searcher after the unusual will be amply rewarded. A few samples, clipped from recent issues, show freshness and novelty in a personal announcement which boidly stretches, in type an inch deep, across a printed page.

The public is used to the booming of soap

and literature by such means; but the pub-lic is not yet accustomed to the philosophy which blandly places a personal vogue in

which blandly places a personal vogue in the same category.

Sometimes the actor or actress who makes a pronounced hit in a new role jubilantly proclaims the fact in his or her favorite medium. We learn that a soubrette has "swept 'em off their feet"; that a singing comedian has "killed 'em"; that the new song, "Ain't Dat Gal a Gusher?" is a whirlwind, a tornado and also a cyclone, as sung by "A. Raspble," in consequence of which he "has only two weeks left to fill." "Ma-

he "has only two weeks left to nil," Ma-bel Rarebit" is a hot "coon shouter," which is a species of singer much in evidence on the cheaper variety stage.

Nothing in the line of a personal adver-tisement could possibly be more delicious than the frank classification of "shouter." "Messrs, Song and Dance," the "world's

greatest comedians," proudly proclaim to their envious colleagues that they are "al-

ways working."

The "strongest leading man on the boards" assures us that he is quite prepared to "double in brass." If he can do that his genius is universal-versatility can boast of no whier range. One celebrated vaudeville attraction is satisfied to print an anecdote each week. It is a bright and anecoote each week. It is a bright and snappy thing to do; that the anecdote should be pertinent to nothing in particular is a trifle. A "Boy Comic," who achieves an amazing success, rushes into type with

Here are some more of the oddities found:

NOW FOR A GOOD BUMP! Not for notoriety, but for life is the rea-son I jumped from the fourth story win-dow in the Bowdoin Square Hotel Fire, in Boston, February 27, and only sustained a sortion, February 25, and only sustained a sprained anide and am still in good condition to accept engagements with Al farce comedy or burlesque for coming season to play comedy parts and strong specialty.

ED GRAY,

"MIMICAL COMEDIAN."

Which means a mimic and comedian Some-what different. The lady with the pug dog.

Here's a pyrotechnical outburst of job-

A Drawing Card for Summer Resorts.



FAMOUS OLD FAVORITES

I saw him once before,

As he pass'd by the door; And again The payement stones resound As he totters o'er the ground With his cane.

They say that in his prime. Ere the pruning kulfe of Time Cut him down, Not a better man was found the crier on his round Through the town.

And now he walks the streets And he looks at all he meets Sad and wan; And he shakes his feeble head. That it seems as if he said, "They are gone."

The mossy marble rest On the ilps that he has press'd In their bloom; And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said— Poor old lady! she is dead "Long ago— That he had a Roman nose, And his cheek was like a rose In the show.

And it rests upon his chin Like a staff; And a crook is in his back, And a melancholy crack In his laugh, I know it is a sin

But now his nose is thin

For me to sit and grin
At him here,
For the old three-cornered hat And the breeches-and all that Are so queer. And if I should live to be

last leaf upon the tree In the spring. Let them smile, as I do now, At the old forsaken bough, Where I cling. "Oliver Wendell Holmes,

ROBES FOR THE CORONATION

London, May 5.-Coronation time is coming on space. All London is, and has been for months past, wildly excited over the approaching gorgeous function, and peers and peeresses have had little time to think of anything beyond the fitting of their magnificent robes of state. It isn't every day that one has the opportunity to choose a coronation gown or a peer's robe, and the matter requires considerable time

and thought. From the great excitement noticed everywhere and from the fluttering of lords and ladies of high degree, the celebration of the enthronement of his Majesty King Edward VII of England promises to surpass in beauty and grandeur any previous court function. Months ago many magnificent robes of ceremony were ordered, completed, inspected, boxed and sent home, but al-ways, even in the case of state garments, there will be a few changes to make at the last moment and late orders which must be rushed through.

Alterations have been suggested and carried out in almost everything connected with this brilliant event, from the coronation oath to the changing of crown jewels. For some time the crown and robe models approved by King Edward have been on exhibition, and now many of the finished costumes await the final approval of those titled personages whose shoulders are to carry the heavy burden of velvet and min-

The robemakers by royal appointment guard these costly garments as though they were the crown jeweis themselves, while the materials, too, are protected from loss or mishap. Considering the vast amount of money each robe represents, this is by no means a useless precaution. Each width of royal silk velvet which is to be fashioned into a long court train has been spe-cially woven for this occasion, and each tiny skin of soft white fur was carefully selected with a view to using it upon just

Such robes

Consequently there is an unusually large sum of money represented by these materials, and when an order comes in for a robe to be designed for the Duke of — or to be designed for the Duke of — or a magnificent coronation gown to be

worn by the beautiful Countess — the costly velvet and far are as carefully dealt out to the employes as though each tiny scrap were worth its weight in crown jewels.

The cutters of the rich velvet and fur are

constantly under surveillance, so that no piece, however small, is allowed to go to waste, and the whole ermine skins are kept in a separate compartment, made absolutely burgiar proof.

ourgiar proof.

If the rooms which contain the uncut materials represent a large amount, the reception-room, in which is displayed the costly array of finished garments, is equally valuable. Here the Peers and Peeresses view their completed orders before having the sent home. Inspecting the royally approved model was an important occasion of course. model was an important occasion, of course, yet it was as nothing in comparison with the impressiveness of trying on one's state

Every detail connected with the elaborate coronation costume receives its share of careful study, and it is consistent with the importance of this approaching royal event that even the slippers and coffure should require days of serious consideration, The hair should be arranged in a fashion

which will prove becoming when sur-mounted by the rather trying ornament of rank. When the gown and robe question is disposed of more time may be devoted to this equally interesting affair of head dress.

There is a deal of changing, cutting, re-

setting and removating going on in the jew-elers' shops, for every peeress is determined that her coronet shall be brilliantly gor-geous and made after the smartest and most approved mode. In long, carefully guarded cases are kept these priceless jewels, and there, lying on soft, richly hued beds of velvet, their spien-

soft, richly hued beds of velvet, their splender is allowed to dazzle the eyes of those privileges to wear strawberry leaves, while the less fortunate are filled with sckenling envy at the gorgeous and unattainable sight.

The small coronet of the Duchess of Mariborough, with its jewel-incrusted surface brightly polished, rests side by side with the enormous and heavy-looking crown which will cover the head of Earl Roberts. The beautiful little diadem belonging to the Countess of Warwick sparkles and gleams in a friendly manner at a large jeweled tipped affair destined to crown the head of a titled Crossus.

GRADUATES OF MARY INSTITUTE, CLASS OF 1902.



Group of the class of 1902, Mary Institute. Poginning with the oack row and reading from left to right the young ladies are as follows: 1. Misses Estelle Lescher; 2. Lulu Sikkems; 3, Florence Hellman; 4, Ethel Gamble; 5, Janet Morton; 6, Florence Wickham; 7, Lily Lambert; 8, Mildred Stickney; 9, Sadie Scudder. Second row, 10, Adele Hunning; 11, Emily Jaspering; 12, Fay Johnston; 13, Marguerite York; 14, Florence Reynolds; 15, Stella Wade; 16, Virginia Cox; 17, Adele Armstrong; 18, Helen Johnson; 19, Helen Donovan. Third row, 20, Fannie Guyton; 21, Marie Shewell; 22, Ethel Riddle; 23, Elizabeth Delafield; 24, Julia Reynolds; 25, May Wham; 26, Louise Little; 27, Florence Street; 28, Helen Block; 29, Edith O'Nell; 30, Kate Lee. Fourth row, 31, Stella Oishausen; 32, Martha Valcamp; 33, Rose Davidson; 34, Elise Kilpatrick; 35, Judith Hoblitzelle, the class president, who holds the banner "1902"; 36, Corinne Glaser; 37, Adele Rosenberg; 38, Ethel Chemault; 30, Isabel Houston; fifth row, 40, Etta Hunning; 41, Lily Kingsland; 42, Elia McClarey; 43, Celia Harris.